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S E A S O N S.

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*W Macara*

JAMES THOMSON.

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MDCCLXVIII.



*W Macara*

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M R J A M E S T H O M S O N.

**M**R *Thomson* was born at *Ednam*, in the shire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father was minister of that place: a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but justly respected by them for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty. His mother, whose maiden name was *Hume*, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country: a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination for vivacity and warmth,  
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scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

Our author received the rudiments of his education at a private school in the town of *Jedburgh*; and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, he was considered by his schoolmaster, and those who directed his education, as being without even a common share of parts.

BUT his merit did not long lie concealed. The Reverend Mr *Riccarton*, minister of *Hobkirk*, in the same presbytery, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, and corrected his performances.

It is not to be doubted but our young poet greatly improved while under the care of Mr *Riccarton*, who, as he was a philosophic man, inspired his mind with a love for the sciences. Nor were the reverend gentleman's endeavours in vain; for Mr *Thomson* has shewn in his works how well  
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he was acquainted with natural and moral philosophy ; a circumstance which, perhaps, is owing to the early impressions he received from Mr *Riccarton*.

SIR *William Bennet* likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with Mr *Thomson*, and used to invite him to pass the summer-vacation at his country-seat: a scene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr *Riccarton*, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's day; committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order ; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humourously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

AFTER spending the usual time at school in the acquisition of the dead languages, Mr *Thomson* was removed to the university of *Edinburgh*. Here, as at the country-school, he made no great figure : his companions thought contemptuously of him ; and the masters under whom he studied had not a higher opinion of our poet's abilities than their pupils.

IN the second year after his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his  
a 2 fathers;

father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr *Thomson*, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

MRS *Thomson*, burdened as she was with a family of nine children, did not however sink under this misfortune. She consulted with her friend, the Reverend Mr *Gusthart*, what was most proper for her to do in her particular situation. This reverend gentleman, one of the ministers of *Edinburgh*, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was always extremely serviceable to her in the management of her little affairs. By his advice, having mortgaged her moiety of the farm of which she was co-heiress, she repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*, where she lived in a decent and frugal manner, while her favourite son was attending his academical course.

AFTER having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr *Thomson* was entered in the divinity-hall, as one of the candidates for the ministry; where the students, before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years attendance. The divinity-chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr *Hamilton*: a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particular-  
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ly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour, and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Some of his fellow-students, envying him the success of this discourse, and the admiration it procured him, employed their industry to trace him as a plagiarist; for they could not be persuaded, that a youth, seemingly so much removed from the appearance of genius, could compose a declamation, in which learning, genius, and judgment had a very great share. Their search however proved fruitless; and Mr *Thomson* continued, while he remained at the university, to possess the honour of that discourse, without any diminution. Mr *Hamilton* acted a more noble and friendly part: As his custom was, he complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr *Thomson*, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

THIS gave Mr *Thomson* to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious, even though the Church had been more his free choice than probably it was; but perhaps he might still have pursued the clerical profession, had not the following accident opened up more extensive views.

ABOUT this time Mr *Thomson* had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr *Riccarton*, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr Auditor *Benson*, who, expressing his admiration of it, said, that he doubted not if the author was in *London*, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of *Benson's* was communicated to *Thomson* by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in *London*; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

OUR author went first to *Newcastle* by land, where he took shipping, and landed at *Billingsgate*. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr *Mallet*, who then lived in *Hanover-square*, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of *Montrose*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*,



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*Graham*, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea-officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at school, which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy on either side: a proof that two writers of merit may agree, in spite of the common observation to the contrary.—Before Mr *Thomson* reached *Hanover-square*, an accident happened to him, which, as it may divert some of our readers, we shall here insert.

WHEN our author left *Scotland*, he had received letters of recommendation from a gentleman of rank there, to some persons of distinction in *London*, which he had carefully tied up in his pocket-handkerchief. As he fauntered along the streets, he could not withhold his admiration of the magnitude, opulence, and various objects this great metropolis continually presented to his view. These must naturally have diverted the imagination of a man of less reflection; and it is not greatly to be wondered at, if Mr *Thomson's* mind was so engrossed by these new-presented scenes, as to be absent to the busy crowds around him. He often stopped to gratify his curiosity, the consequences of which he afterwards experienced. With an honest simplicity of heart, unsuspecting, as unknowing of guilt, he was ten times longer  
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in reaching *Hanover-square*, than one less sensible and curious would have been. When he arrived, he found he had paid for his curiosity; his pocket was picked of his handkerchief, and all the letters that were wrapped up in it. This accident would have proved very mortifying to a man less philosophical than Mr *Thomson*: but he was of a temper never to be agitated; he then smiled at it, and frequently made his companions laugh at the relation.

Mr *Thomson*, upon his coming to *London*, was likewise very kindly received by Mr *Forbes*, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament; who, having seen a specimen of his poetry in *Scotland*, was highly delighted with our author's genius, and recommended him to some of his friends; particularly to Mr *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr *Thomson* was affected by his friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

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IN the mean time, our author's reception, where-ever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr *Mallet*. This poem, the first finished of all the Seasons, and the first performance he published, was originally wrote in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr *Mallet* they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three Seasons.

THE approbation the poem of *Winter* might meet with from some of our author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success, who, perhaps, not being themselves qualified to judge of the merit of the performance, refused to risk the necessary expences on the work of an obscure stranger, whose name could be no recommendation to it. These were severe repulses: but at last the difficulty was surmounted. Mr *Mallet* offered it to Mr *Millan*, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr *Millan* had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste paper  
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on his hands, few copies being sold, till by an accident its merit was discovered. One Mr *Whatley*, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly enthusiastic in the admiration of any thing which pleased him, happened to cast his eyes upon it; and, finding something which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment, that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstasy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste, to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniusses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect; for, in a short time, the impression was bought up. Nor had these who read the poem any reason to complain of Mr *Whatley's* exaggeration; for they found it so completely beautiful, that they could not but think themselves happy, in doing justice to a man of so much merit. Such heretofore was the fate of the great *Milton*, whose works were only found in the libraries of the curious, or judicious few, till *Addison's* remarks spread a taste for them; and, at length, it became unfashionable not to have read them.

As soon as the poem of *Winter* was published, Mr *Thomson* sent a copy of it as a present to Mr *Joseph Mitchell*, his countryman, and brother-poet,  
who

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who not liking many parts of it, inclosed to him the following couplet :

*Beauties and faults* so thick lie scattered here,  
*Those* I could read, if *these* were not so near.

To which Mr *Thomson* answered extempore :

Why all not *faults* ? injurious *Mitchell*, why  
Appears one *beauty* to thy *blasted eye* ?  
Damnation worse than thine, if worse can be,  
Is all I ask, and all I want from thee.

UPON a friend's remonstrating to Mr *Thomson*, that the expression of *blasted eye*, would look like a personal reflection, as Mr *Mitchell* had really that misfortune, he changed the epithet *blasted* into *blasting*.—But to return :

THE poem of *Winter* is, perhaps, the most finished, as well as most picturesque, of any of the four Seasons : The scenes are grand and lively ; it is in that season that the creation appears in distress, and nature assumes a melancholy air ; and an imagination so poetical as Mr *Thomson's*, was admirably fitted to paint those *vapours*, and *storms*, and *clouds*, the very description of which fill the soul with solemn dread. It is told of Mr *Riccarton*, that when he first saw this poem, which was in a bookseller's shop in *Edinburgh*, he stood amazed ;



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mazed; and, after he had read the sublime introductory lines, he dropt the poem from his hand in an ecstasy of admiration. Mr *Thomson's* digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charm the reader no less; leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *poet*, or love the *man*.

FROM this time Mr *Thomson's* acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses; among which were the Countess of *Hartford*, Miss *Drelincourt*, afterwards Viscountess *Primrose*, Mrs *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Bishop of *Derry*: who, upon conversing with our author, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make the tour of *Europe*, recommended Mr *Thomson* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true cause  
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cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed : but our author, who had the best information, places it to the account of

——*Slandrous zeal, and politics infirm,  
Jealous of worth*——

THE poem of *Winter* meeting with such general applause, Mr *Thomson* was induced to write the other three *Seasons*, which he finished with equal success. *Summer* made its first appearance in the year 1727 ; *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year ; and *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730. In that edition, the *Seasons* are placed in their natural order ; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as *one whole*, the immediate effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodness*.

SUMMER has many manly and striking beauties ; in particular, the *Hymn to the Sun*, in which some hints are taken from Mr *Cowley's* hymn to Light, is one of the sublimest and most masterly efforts of genius we have ever seen.—The introduction to *Spring* is very poetical ; and the descriptions in

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this poem are mild, like the season they paint.—  
*Autumn* seems to be the most unfinished of the four seasons. It is not, however, without its beauties; of which many have considered the story of *Lavinia*, naturally and artfully introduced, as the most affecting. The story is in itself moving and tender; and it is perhaps no diminution to this beautiful tale, that the hint of it is taken from the book of *Ruth* in the Old Testament.

As we would not willingly pass over any thing concerning our author, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote, though omitted both by Mr *Cibber* and Mr *Murdoch*.

WHEN Mr *Thomson* first came to *London*, he was in very narrow circumstances; and, before he was distinguished by his writings, was many times put to his shifts even for a dinner. The debts he then contracted lay very heavy upon him for a long time afterwards; and, upon the publication of the *Seasons*, one of his creditors arrested him, thinking that a proper opportunity to get his money. The report of this misfortune happened to reach the ears of Mr *Quin*, who had indeed read the *Seasons*, but had never seen their author; and, upon stricter inquiry, he was told, that Mr *Thomson* was in the bailiff's hands, at a spunging-house in *Holburn*.  
Thither

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Thither *Quin* went; and, being admitted into his chamber, "Sir," said he, in his usual tone of voice, "You don't know me, I believe; but my name is *Quin*." Mr *Thomson* received him very politely, and said, that though he could not boast of the honour of a personal acquaintance, he was no stranger either to his name or his merit; and very obligingly invited him to sit down. *Quin* then told him he was come to sup with him; and that he had already ordered the cook to provide supper, which he hoped he would excuse. Mr *Thomson* made the proper reply; and then the discourse turned indifferently upon subjects of literature. When the supper was over, and the glass had gone briskly about, Mr *Quin* then took occasion to explain himself, by saying, It was now time to enter upon business. Mr *Thomson* declared, he was ready to serve him as far as his capacity would reach, in any thing he should command, (thinking he was come about some affair relating to the drama). "Sir," says Mr *Quin*, "You mistake my meaning; I owe you "an hundred pounds, and I am come to pay you." Mr *Thomson*, with a disconsolate air, replied, 'That as he was a gentleman whom, to his knowledge, he had never offended, he wondered he should seek an opportunity to reproach him under his misfortunes. "No, by G—d," said *Quin*, raising his voice, "I'll be damn'd before I would do that. I

“ say, I owe you an hundred pounds ; and there it  
 “ is,” (laying a bank-note of that value before  
 him). Mr *Thomson* was astonished, and begged he  
 would explain himself. “ Why,” says *Quin*,  
 “ I’ll tell you : Soon after I had read your *Seasons*,  
 “ I took it into my head, that, as I had something  
 “ in the world to leave behind me when I died, I  
 “ would make my will ; and, among the rest of  
 “ my legatees, I set down the author of the *Sea-*  
 “ *sons* an hundred pounds : and this day hearing  
 “ that you was in this house, I thought I might as  
 “ well have the pleasure of paying the money my-  
 “ self, as to order my executors to pay it, when  
 “ perhaps you might have less need of it : And  
 “ this, Mr *Thomson*, is the business I came about.”  
 It is needless to express Mr *Thomson*’s grateful ac-  
 knowledgments ; we shall leave every reader to  
 conceive them.

In the year 1727, Mr *Thomson* published his  
 poem to the memory of Sir *Isaac Newton*, then  
 lately deceased ; containing a deserved encomium  
 of that incomparable man, with an account of his  
 chief discoveries. This poem is sublimely poetical,  
 and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the  
 Count *Algarotti*, takes a line of it for the text of  
 his philosophical dialogues : This was in part ow-  
 ing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr *Gray*,



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a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general abstract of its principles.

AT this time the resentment of our merchants against the *Spaniards*, for interrupting their trade in *America*, running very high, our author zealously took part in it; and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem may be the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself.

OUR author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the honourable Mr *Charles Talbot* on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr *Thomson* visited most of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and, having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged: not of exterior nature only, and the works of art; but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particu-

lar and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to *England*. We see at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work: upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

WHILE Mr *Thomson* was writing the first part of this poem, he received a most severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1734: which was soon followed by another, that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord *Talbot* himself; which Mr *Thomson* so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event, Mr *Thomson* found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during

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ring which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leeward-islands*, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord *Lyttleton*.

IMMEDIATELY upon his return to *England* with Mr *Charles Talbot*, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had taken in forming the mind of his son, had made him his secretary of briefs; a place requiring little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord who succeeded to Lord *Talbot* in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting when Mr *Thomson* should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair. By this unaccountable indolence, the place which he might have enjoyed with so little trouble, was bestowed upon another.

YET could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, tho' simple, was genial and elegant. Mr *Millar* was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they

they had acquired, who would of themselves interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

BUT his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his *Royal Highness* FREDERIC Prince of Wales; who, upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttleton*, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. A circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord *Lyttleton*'s recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr *Thomson* was personally known to him.

AMONG the latest of Mr *Thomson*'s productions, is his *Castle of Indolence*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fit to convey one of the most important moral lessons. It is written in imitation of *Spenser*'s style; and the obsolete words, with the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were thought necessary to make the imitation more perfect.

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WE shall now consider Mr *Thomson* as a dramatic writer.

IN the year 1729, about five years after he had been in *London*, he brought upon the stage his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess; upon which the famous *Nathaniel Lee* has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.—We must not here omit two anecdotes which happened the first night of the representation.

MR *Thomson*, it seems, made one of his characters address *Sophonisba* in the following words:

O! *Sophonisba*, *Sophonisba* Oh!

Upon which a smart from the pit immediately cried out,

Oh! *Jamie Thomson*, *Jamie Thomson* Oh!

However ill-natured this critic might be, in interrupting the action of the play for the sake of a joke; yet it is certain that the line ridiculed does partake of the false pathetic, and should be a warning to tragic poets to guard against the swelling style;



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style; for, by aiming at the sublime, they are often betrayed into the bombast. This line, however, has been since changed by our author for one less exceptionable.

As Mr *Thomson* could not but feel all the emotions and solitudes of a young author the first night of his play, he wanted to place himself in some obscure part of the house, where he might see the representation to the best advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly seated himself in the upper gallery. But such was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would sometimes whisper to himself, "Now such a scene is to open;" by which he was soon discovered to be the author, by some gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great croud, be situated in any other part of the house.

AFTER an interval of about nine years, Mr *Thomson* exhibited to the public his second tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr *Pope* acted a very friendly part to Mr *Thomson* on this occasion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the representation on the first night with his presence; which, as he had not been for some time at a play, was considered as a very great instance

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stance of esteem. The profits arising from this play were very considerable; and afforded him a very seasonable supply after he had lost his office by the death of Lord *Talbot*, and was still out of place.

IN the year 1739, Mr *Thomson* offered to the stage his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*; but, for political reasons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of *Wales* was, in this one instance, of some prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; yet the ministry, still fore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage-act; and as little satisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risk the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

THIS refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr *Paterfon*, a companion of Mr *Thomson*, afterwards his *deputy*, and then his *successor* in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic muse; and had taken for his subject the story of *Arminius* the German hero.

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But this play, guiltless as it was, being presented for a license, no sooner had the *censor* cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen *Edward* and *Eleonora*, than he cried out, Away with it! and the author's profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

By the command of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Mr *Thomson*, in conjunction with Mr *Mallet*, wrote the *Masque* of *Alfred*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr *Mallet*, in the year 1751; but the edition now published is from the original, as it was acted at *Clifden* gardens in the year 1740, the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess *Augusta*.

MR *Thomson*'s next dramatic performance was his *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance of *Gil Blas*: the fable is very interesting; the characters are few, but active; and the attention is never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr *Thomson*'s plays; and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, still continues to draw croud-  
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ed houses. - The success of this piece was indeed insured from the first by Mr *Garrick* and Mrs *Gibber* their appearing in the principal characters; which they heightened and adorned with all the magic of their never-failing art.

THIS was the last play Mr *Thomson* himself published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that ever lived in it.

HE had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing: so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between *London* and *Richmond* with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat, and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer-evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammer-smith*, he had over-heated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of *Kew-lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be  
dreaded

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dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town: at last, Mr *Mitchell* and Mr *Reid*, with Dr *Armstrong*, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *August* 1748.

HIS testamentary executors were, the Lord *Lyttleton*, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage, to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in *Scotland*. My Lord *Lyttleton's*  
prologue



## MR JAMES THOMSON. xxix

prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been *written*: the best *spoken* it certainly was. Mr *Quin* was the particular friend of Mr *Thomson*; and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes.

*He lov'd his friends; (forgive this gushing tear:  
Alas! I feel I am no actor here:) [heart,  
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of  
So clear of interest, so devoid of art;  
Such generous freedom, such unshaken zeal;  
No words can speak it, but our tears may tell.*

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking. Mr *Quin* here excelled himself: nor did he ever appear so great an actor, as at this instant when he declared himself none.

MR *Thomson's* remains were deposited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain stone, without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed, to erect for him a funeral monument in *Westminster-Abbey*. In order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr *A. Millar* published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works in 4to, the entire

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profits of which he cheerfully dedicated to this purpose: and it was further proposed, that any remaining sum, after paying all expences, should be remitted to his relations. This generous publication met with deserved encouragement. His present Majesty, her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of *Wales*, his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, and the principal nobility and gentry in *Great Britain*, appear among the list of subscribers. Nor must we omit taking notice, that Madam *Bontems*, a *French* lady, who has obliged the world with a translation of the *Seasons* into her own language, (a translation equally faithful and elegant), desired likewise to be a subscriber to this edition of Mr *Thomson's* works.—It was however unlucky, that by a well-intended, though ill-judged parsimony, the execution of this work was committed to an inferior artist, who erected a monument, not indeed destitute of merit, but from which neither our author, nor the *Abbey*, nor the present age, will derive any honour.

It is pretty strange, that, upon the death of Mr *Thomson*, his brother-poets did not at all exert themselves, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of poets all his lifetime. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry

## MR JAMES THOMSON. xxxi

we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr *Collins*, who had lived some time at *Richmond*, but forsook it when Mr *Thomson* died, wrote an ode to his memory. This, for the dirge-like melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

OUR author himself hints somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising. His make was indeed rather robust than graceful; though it is known, that, in his youth, he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten in a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much the same in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly, and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded



responded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry. A *sonnet*, or a copy of tame verses, he could manage pretty well, or even improve them in the reading; but a passage of *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Shakespeare*, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

THE autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

THE amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of *music*, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts  
of

## MR JAMES THOMSON. xxxiii

of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art : and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces there mentioned, placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, came afterwards into the possession of his friend Mr *Gray* of *Richmond-Hill*.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better represented in his writings than they can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends ; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, shine out in every page. His tenderness of heart was unbounded, extending even to the brute-creation. He had a grateful soul, always ready to acknowledge a favour received : nor did he ever forget his old benefactors, notwithstanding a long absence, new acquaintance, or additional eminence ; of which the following instance cannot be unacceptable to the reader :

SOME time before Mr *Thomson's* fatal illness, a gentleman inquired for him at his house in *Kew-lane*,

# xxxiv THE LIFE OF, &c.

lane, near *Richmond*, where he then lived. This gentleman had been his acquaintance when very young, and proved to be *Dr Gusthart*, the son of the Reverend *Mr Gusthart*, formerly mentioned, who had been *Mr Thomson's* patron in the early part of his life. The visitor sent not in his name, but only intimated to the servant, that an old acquaintance desired to see *Mr Thomson*. *Mr Thomson* came forward to receive him; and looking steadfastly at him, (for they had not seen one another for many years), said, "Troth, Sir, I cannot say I ken your countenance well. Let me therefore crave your name." Which the gentleman no sooner mentioned, than the tears gushed from *Mr Thomson's* eyes. He could only reply, "Good God! are you the son of my dear friend, my old benefactor?" and then, rushing to his arms, he tenderly embraced him, rejoicing at so unexpected a meeting.

SUCH was the heart of *Mr Thomson*, whose life was as inoffensive as his page was moral: For of all our poets, he is the farthest removed from whatever has even the appearance of indecency; and, as my Lord *Lyttleton* happily expresses it in his prologue to *Coriolanus*,

—His chaste muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre  
None but the noblest passions to inspire;  
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,  
One line which dying he could wish to blot.

Edin. July 28. 1768.

O D E

O D E

O N T H E

Death of MR THOMSON.

By MR COLLINS.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie  
on the *Thames* near *Richmond*.

I.

I N yonder grave a Druid lies  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise  
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds  
His airy harp \* shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

\* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which see a description in the  
CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

Then

## III.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,  
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

## IV.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

## V.

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening \* spire,  
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

## VI.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,  
Ah! what will every dirge avail?  
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

\* RICHMOND Church,



VII.

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?  
 With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

VIII.

But thou, lorn stream, whose fullen tide  
 No sedge-grown Sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side,  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads assign'd to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom:  
 Their hands, and shepherd-girls shall dress  
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long,

## XI.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,  
Shall melt the musing *Briton's* eyes ;  
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall He say,  
In yonder grave Your Druid lies !



S P R I N G.

A

### THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of  
HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects  
the various parts of Nature, ascending from the  
lower to the higher ; with digressions arising from  
the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on  
Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man,  
concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and  
irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure  
and happy kind.*







Thos. Donohoe Sc.

Spring

---

# S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5  
With unaffected-grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all  
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,  
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:  
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill.  
The shatt'red forest, and the ravag'd vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15  
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20  
Deform the day delightful: so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph

To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
 And sing their wild notes to the list'ning waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,  
 And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more  
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;  
 But, full of life and vivifying soul, 29  
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
 Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding heav'n.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,  
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives  
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35  
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough  
 Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke  
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40  
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share  
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,  
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower  
 stalks,  
 With measur'd step; and lib'ral throws the grain 45  
 Into the faithful bosom of the ground:  
 The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAV'N! for now laborious Man  
 Has done his part. Ye soft'ring breezes, blow!

## S P R I N G.

5

Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender show'rs, descend! 50  
 And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
 Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live  
 In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
 Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:  
 Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung 55  
 To wide imperial ROME, in the full height  
 Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.  
 In ancient times the sacred plough employ'd  
 The kings and awful fathers of mankind:  
 And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60  
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
 Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,  
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
 The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

YE gen'rous BRITONS, venerate the plough;  
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,  
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
 Luxuriant and unbounded: as the sea,  
 Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70  
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;  
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
 O'er ev'ry land, the naked nations clothe, 75  
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

6 . S P R I N G .

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,  
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative fun,  
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming *Power* 80  
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,  
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay *Green* !  
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !  
 United light and shade ! where the fight dwells  
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight. 85

FROM the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,  
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90  
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales;  
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,  
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once array'd  
In all the colours of the flushing year, 95  
By Nature's swift and secret working hand,  
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit  
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,  
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100  
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,  
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling  
drops  
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze  
Of



Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk; 105  
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend  
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled show'r  
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptur'd eye 110  
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies:

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115  
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast  
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,  
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.  
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,  
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft  
 The sacred sons of vengeance; on whose course  
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125  
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,  
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;  
 'Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe  
 From every cranny suffocated falls:  
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130  
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:  
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,

With

8 S P R I N G.

With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;  
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

BE patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds  
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd  
Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, furcharg'd with  
rain,  
That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne,  
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze, 140  
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

THE north-east spends his rage ; he now shut up  
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south  
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
Breathes the big clouds with vernal show'rs diffent.  
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise, 146  
Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,  
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails  
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom : 150  
Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,  
Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
And full of every hope and every joy,  
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze  
Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155  
Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,  
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd  
In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse  
Forgetful

Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160.  
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye  
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,  
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165  
And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once,  
Into the gen'ral choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,  
And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks  
Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170.  
And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
In large effusion o'er the fresh'ned world. 175  
The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,  
By such as wander thro' the forest walks,  
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
But who can hold the shade, while Heav'n descends  
In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180  
And fruits, and flow'rs, on Nature's ample lap?  
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;  
And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

THUS all day long the full-distended clouds 185  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;

Till

Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam. 190  
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,  
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,  
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195  
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around,  
 Full swell the woods; their ev'ry music wakes,  
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks  
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200  
 Whence blending all the sweet'ned zephyr springs.  
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,  
 In fair proportion running from the red, 205  
 To where the violet fades into the sky.  
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds  
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy show'ry prism;  
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd 210  
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;  
 He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,  
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd  
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215  
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
 A soften'd

A soften'd shade, and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,  
Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the pow'r  
Of botanists to number up their tribes;  
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank 225  
With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,  
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung  
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold, 231  
The moist'ning current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? who pierce,  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of Man, 235  
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years; unslesh'd in blood,  
A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;  
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race  
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see  
The



The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam :  
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;  
 And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun, 245  
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
 Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.  
 Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,  
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole  
 Their hours away: while in the rosy vale 250  
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
 And full replete with blifs; save the sweet pain,  
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.  
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
 Was known among those happy sons of HEAV'N; 255  
 For reason and benevolence were law.  
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales  
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260  
 Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,  
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
 Was meek'ned, and he join'd his sullen joy. 265  
 For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,  
 Warbling the vary'd heart; the woodlands round  
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd  
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

BUT

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners,  
whence

The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers, 275  
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within : the passions all  
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, sees  
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280  
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.  
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285  
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.  
Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,  
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;  
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
That noble wish that never cloy'd desire, 290  
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone  
To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,  
Of life impatient, into madness swells ;  
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295  
These, and a thousand mixt emotions more,  
From ever-changing views of good and ill,  
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
With endless storm: whence, deeply rankling, grows  
B The

The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300  
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;  
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:  
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305  
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came:  
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310  
 With universal burst into the gulph,  
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;  
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,  
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen  
 Shock forth his waste of snows; and summer shot  
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd  
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough. 321  
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm  
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms  
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 325  
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms  
 Swell'd

Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;  
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.  
 But now, of turbid elements the sport, 330  
 From clear to cloudy toft, from hot to cold,  
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
 Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies; 335  
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
 Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,  
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man  
 Is now become the lion of the plain, 340  
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk.  
 Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,  
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,  
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
 With hunger stung and wild necessity, 346  
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
 With every kind emotion in his heart,  
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap 350  
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!  
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,  
 B 2 E'er

E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355  
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,  
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,  
 What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,  
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk  
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360  
 Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,  
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land  
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed, 365  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
 Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,  
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,  
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart  
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370  
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.  
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,  
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream  
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,  
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380  
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,  
 The rode fine-tapering with elastic spring,

Snatch'd



Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.  
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385  
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 392

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun  
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair.  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;  
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave  
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly; 405  
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Strait as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410

Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,  
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415  
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space  
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,  
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420  
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,  
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.  
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425  
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
 With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,  
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;  
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode; 431  
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;  
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize. 439

THUS

THUS pass the temperate hours : but when the sun  
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering  
clouds,

Even shooting listless languor through the deeps ;  
Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,  
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale  
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445  
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
With all the lowly children of the shade :  
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,  
Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,  
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,  
High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds. 451

There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
Thro' rural scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* swain  
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.  
Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift 455  
Athwart imagination's vivid eye :  
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix  
Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460  
Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;  
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465  
Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?

Or

Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470  
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
 Ah what shall language do? ah where find words  
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power  
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;  
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480  
 Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485  
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime  
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
 And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets. 490

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks  
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,  
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,

In fair profusion, decks. Long let as walk, 495  
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
 Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast  
 A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence  
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.  
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500  
 Full of fresh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,  
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild ;  
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads  
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.  
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505  
 In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,  
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;  
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510  
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view  
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.  
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
 Distracted wanders : now the bowery walk 516  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :  
 Now meets the bending sky ; the river now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 520  
 The forest dark'ning round, the glittering spire,  
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
 But



But why so far excursive? when at hand,  
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers, 525  
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms ev'ry grace;  
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;  
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;  
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round: 531  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;  
 And full ranunculas of glowing red. 535  
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd  
 To family, as flies the father-dust,  
 The varied colours run; and, while they *break*  
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,  
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:  
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545  
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;  
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay-spotted pinks;  
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

HAIL, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL  
Of Heav'n and and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE,  
hail !

To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,  
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand, 556  
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.

By THEE the various vegetative tribes,  
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew ; 560

By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,  
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells  
The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.

At THY command the vernal sun awakes  
The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565

By wintry winds ; that now in fluent dance,  
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
All this innumerable-coloured scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world  
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570

My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.

Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour  
The mazy-running soul of melody  
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575

From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame, *The Passion of the groves.*

WHEN

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580  
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
 In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;  
 And try again the long forgotten strain,  
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585  
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,  
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;  
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590  
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
 Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,  
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595  
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng  
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length  
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns  
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600  
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;  
 The mellow bull-finch answers from the grove:  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
 Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade 605  
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,

And

And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,  
Aid the full concert : while the stock-dove breathes  
A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love ;  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love 615  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620  
Of the regardless charmer. Should she seem  
Softening the least approbance to bestow,  
Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,  
They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,  
Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625  
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630  
That NATURE'S *great command* may be obey'd ;  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;

Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635  
 Commit their feeble offspring : The cleft tree  
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
 But most in woodland solitudes delight, 641  
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645  
 Of hazel pendant o'er the plaintive stream,  
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;  
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650  
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
 Intent. And often, from the careless back  
 Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills  
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655  
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,  
 Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660  
 Tho' the whole loosened Spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand

High



High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies  
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665  
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food 670  
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,  
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young ; 675  
 Which equally distributed, again  
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680  
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn : exalting love,  
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685  
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,  
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,  
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690

Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head  
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence,  
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696  
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead  
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700  
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.  
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;  
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705  
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
 O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;  
 If on your bosom innocence can win,  
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd  
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
 Her

Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;  
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720  
 Her sorrows thro' the night ; and, on the bough,  
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding woe : till, wide around, the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,  
 Demand the free possession of the sky :  
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
 Parental love at once, now needless grown, 730  
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.  
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,  
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
 Visit the spacious heav'ns, and look abroad 735  
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs  
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,  
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740  
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly  
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
 Or push them off. The surging air receives  
 Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings  
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745  
 C 3 Alighted,

Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
 Farther and farther on, the length'ning flight;  
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air  
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750  
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 On utmost \* *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race  
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds, 755  
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
 For ages of his empire; which, in peace, 760  
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,  
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765  
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,  
 I might the various polity survey  
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770  
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;

Whose

\* The farthest of the western islands of *Scotland*.

Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,  
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan 775  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threatening reddens, while the peacock spreads  
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,  
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins  
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790  
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
 Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood  
 Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud 795  
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.  
 And oft, in jealous mad'ning fancy wrapt,  
 He seeks the fight ; and idly-butting, feigns  
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him



Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800  
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,  
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
 And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:  
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,  
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806  
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;  
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,  
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810  
 O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;  
 And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes  
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
 Even where the madness of the strait'ned stream 815  
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force  
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted by the boundless Spring  
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:  
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820  
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:  
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,  
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825  
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
 I sing,

I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,  
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830  
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,  
 'This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,  
 Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race 835  
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,  
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound  
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once  
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840  
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;  
 And o'er our Labours *Liberty* and *Law*,  
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world ! 845

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye sages, say,  
 That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,  
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast  
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but GOD ?  
 Inspiring GOD ! who boundless Spirit all, 850  
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
 He ceaseless works *alone* ; and yet *alone*  
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd  
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855  
 But,

But tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye  
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :  
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
 The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,  
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 860  
 The brute-creation to this finer thought,  
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts  
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,  
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man ; 865  
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye  
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.  
 Can he forbear to join the general smile  
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870  
 Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks  
 Of flowing Spring, ye fordid sons of earth,  
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;  
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !  
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought  
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876  
 With warmest beam ; and on your open front  
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat  
 Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd  
 Can restless goodness wait ; your active search 880  
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd !  
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft  
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving spirit of the wind  
 Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teeming clouds  
 Descend in gladfome plenty o'er the world ; 886  
 And the fun sheds his kindeft rays for you,  
 Ye flower of human race ! In thefe green days,  
 Reviving Sicknefs lifts her languid head ;  
 Life flows afrefh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts 890  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The funny glade, and feels an inward blifs  
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
 To purchafe. Pure ferenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation ftill. 895  
 By fwift degrees the love of nature works,  
 And warms the bofom ; till at laft fublim'd  
 To rapture, and enthufiaftic heat,  
 We feel the prefent DEITY, and tafte  
 The joy of GOD to fee a happy world ! 900

THESE are the facred feelings of thy heart,  
 Thy heart inform'd by reafon's purer ray,  
 O LITTLETON, the friend ! thy paffions thus  
 And meditations vary, as at large,  
 Courting the mufe, thro' *Hagley Park* thou stray'ft  
 Thy *Britifh Tempe* ! There along the dale, 906  
 With woods o'erhung, and fhagg'd with moffy rocks  
 Whence on each hand the gufhing waters play,  
 And down the rough cascade white-dafhing fall,  
 Or gleam in lengthened vifta thro' the trees, 910  
 You filent ftal ; or fit beneath the fhade  
 Of

Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
 And pensive listen to the various voice  
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915  
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
 That purling down amid the twisted roots  
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
 On the sooth'd ear, from these abstracted oft,  
 You wander thro' the philosophic world ; 920  
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
 You tread the long extent of backward time :  
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925  
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,  
 BRITANNIA'S weal ; how from the venal gulph  
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
 The muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd, 930  
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;  
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,  
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all  
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935  
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
 The tender heart is animated peace ;  
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940  
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
 Where



Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,  
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink  
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
 Unutterable happiness ! which love, 945  
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :  
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950  
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :  
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt  
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still, 955  
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;  
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year, 960  
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;  
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965  
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !

Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts ; 971  
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975  
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,  
 Where woodbuds flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980  
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,  
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours.  
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,  
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985  
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;  
 Th' inticing smile ; the modest seeming eye,  
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death ;  
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990  
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on  
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love  
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,  
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ;  
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 996  
 Her snaky crest : a quick returning pang  
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart ; where honour still,  
 And

And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?  
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005

'Tis nought but gloom around: The darkened sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All Nature fades extinct; and she alone 1010  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015

Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away  
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020  
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,

Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
Indulging all to love: or on the bank

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030  
 Nor quits his deep retirement till the Moon  
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,  
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train  
 Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,  
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035  
 With softened soul, and wooes the bird of eve  
 To mingle woes with his : or, while the world  
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;  
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040  
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,  
 Meant for the moving messenger of love ;  
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed  
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies, 1045  
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
 In any posture finds ; till the gray morn,  
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
 Exanimate by love : and then perhaps  
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050  
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks ;  
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd ; or if retir'd 1055  
 To secret winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,

Just

Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061  
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,  
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades  
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065  
 The farther shore; where, succourless, and sad,  
 She with extended arms his aid implores;  
 But strives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood  
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

THESE are the charming agonies of love,  
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart  
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
 But agony unmix'd incessant gall, 1075  
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
 Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,  
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague 1080  
 Internal vision taints, and in a night  
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
 Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,  
 Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire; 086  
 D 3. A clouded



A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits  
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090  
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095  
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
 Her first endearments twining round the soul,  
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love. 1099  
 Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,  
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;  
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:  
 For ev'n the sad assurance of his fears  
 Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105  
 Thro' flowery tempting paths, or leads a life  
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;  
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all  
 His lively moments running down to waste.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind! 1110  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
 Unnat'ral oft, and foreign to the mind,  
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself, 1115  
 Attuning

Attuning all their passions into love ;  
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence: for nought but love 1121  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.

Let him, ungenerous, who alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days :  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heav'n  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd 1130  
Of a meer, lifeless, violated form :

While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ! 1135  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140  
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAV'N.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm, 1145  
The

The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
 Then infant-reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150  
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear  
 Surprizes often, while you look around, 1155  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,  
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160  
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAV'N.  
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,  
 Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING  
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads : 1165  
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;  
 When after the long vernal day of life,  
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170  
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;  
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R.

S U M M E R.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove; how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.*







Summer

## S U M M E R.

**F**ROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,  
 Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes  
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :  
 He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,  
 And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way ; 5  
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING  
 Averts her blushful face; and earth, and skies,  
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom; 10  
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inspiration!* from thy hermit-seat, 15  
 By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,  
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
 Creative of the Poet, every power  
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

AND

48 S U M M E R.

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,  
 In whom the human graces all unite ;  
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;  
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit, 25  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal  
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty and Man :  
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspire every line, 30  
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world revolving power  
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,  
 And all their labour'd monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;  
 To the kind temper'd change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40  
 Minutely faithful ; Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND !  
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,  
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,  
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45  
 And soon, observant of approaching day,  
 The meek ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,

At

At first faint gleaming in the dappled east :  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50  
 White break the clouds away. With quickened step,  
 Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountains misty top  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55  
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine ;  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limp, aukward : while along the forest-glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes 60  
 The native voice of undisturbed joy ;  
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives 65  
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song? 70  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life ;  
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !  
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75  
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams !  
 E Who



50 S U M M E R.

Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than nature craves; when every Muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk? 80

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all, 85  
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering  
 streams,

High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light! 90  
 Of all material beings first, and best!  
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95  
 Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
 Thy System rolls entire: from the far bourne  
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round 100  
 Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whose disk  
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER

INFORMER of the planetary train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous  
orbs 105

Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
And not, as now, the green abodes of life !  
How many forms of being wait on thee !  
Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,  
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115  
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
Mean-time, the expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120  
High seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance  
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,  
The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,  
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,  
And softened into joy the surly *Storms*. 125  
These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,  
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

NOR to the surface of enlivened earth, 130  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal treasures, is thy force confin'd:  
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines; 135  
 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War  
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace  
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

THE unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140  
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.  
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
 Collected light, compact; that, polish'd bright,  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145  
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.  
 From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct, 150  
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams; 156  
 Or, flying several from its surface, form  
 A trembling

A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
In brighter mazes the relucient stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165  
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170  
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far; great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM! 175  
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;  
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180  
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:  
But should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
And all the extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185  
 ALMIGHTY FATHER! silent in thy praise;  
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,  
 Even in the depth of solitary woods  
 By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,  
 And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190  
 Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;  
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,  
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195  
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms  
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
 Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200  
 And morning fogs that hovered round the hills  
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd  
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems  
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205  
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;  
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse;  
 While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,  
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210  
 On man and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

WHO



WHO can unpitying see the flowery race,  
 Shade by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,  
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215  
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,  
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats;  
 His flock before him stepping to the fold: 221  
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
 The chearful cottage, then expecting food,  
 The food of innocence and health! The daw,  
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225  
 That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
 Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;  
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
 Faint, underneath, the household-fowls convene;  
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade, 231  
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
 Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one  
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
 O'er hill and dale; till wakened by the wasp, 235  
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
 To let the little noisy summer-race  
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:  
 Not mean, tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,  
 From him they draw their animating fire. 340

WAK'D

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
 Come wing'd abroad by the light air upborn,  
 Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
 And secret corner, where they slept away  
 The wint'ry storms; or rising from their tombs, 245  
 To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,  
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues  
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
 Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250  
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool  
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,  
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade  
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed, 255  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task,  
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl, 265  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves  
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,

The

The villain-spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 Mixture abhor'd ! amid a mangled heap 270  
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;  
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,  
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground :  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;  
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285  
 Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds de-  
 Evading even the microscopic eye ! (scend,  
 Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass  
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290  
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN  
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary sen,  
 In putrid streams, emits the living cloud  
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,  
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295  
 Earth

Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
 Within its winding citadel, the stone  
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,  
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300  
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool  
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,  
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305  
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,  
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream  
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310  
 Void of their unseen people. These conceal'd  
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape  
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds  
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,  
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315  
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,  
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax  
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd  
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320  
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As if upon a full proportion'd dome,  
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! 325  
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.  
 And lives the man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ;  
 Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord, 331  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335  
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss !  
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,  
 And hymns of holy wonder to that POWER,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd.  
 The quivering nations sport ; till, 'tempest-wing'd,  
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345 -  
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,  
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on  
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;  
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 450  
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now



Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :  
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose  
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355  
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands  
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360  
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :  
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365  
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,  
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375  
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
 On

On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380  
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.  
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385  
 The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream ;  
 Heavy and dripping, to the breezy brow  
 Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread  
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390  
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
 The country fill ; and, tofs'd from rock to rock,  
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
 At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks  
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd 395  
 Head above head : and, rang'd in lusty rows  
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd 400  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405  
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp the master's cypher, ready stand ;

Others the unwilling wether drag along;  
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410  
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.  
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,  
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!  
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415  
 What dumb-complaining innocence appears!  
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;  
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420  
 Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees  
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands  
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425  
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage:  
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence  
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast; 430  
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the Sun  
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all 435  
 From

From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,  
 Stoops for relief ; thence hot-ascending steams  
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440  
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the Soul.  
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound  
 Of sharpening scythe : the mower sinking heaps  
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ; 445  
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard  
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The very streams look languid from afar ;  
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy wrath !  
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
 Beam not so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,  
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455  
 And restless turn, and look around for Night ;  
 Night is far off ; and hotter hours approach.  
 Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side  
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines : 460  
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without,

Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon :  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,  
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!  
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470  
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!  
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,  
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Laves as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475  
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;  
 The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye  
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;  
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain :  
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485  
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip  
 The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490  
 Which



Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides  
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm  
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd 495  
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;  
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers ; if perchance a flight  
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;  
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500  
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain  
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;  
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OFt in this season too the horse, provok'd,  
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
 Springs the high fence ; and o'er the field effus'd,  
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510  
 And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest  
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !  
 Bears down th' opposing stream ; quenchless his thirst ;  
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;  
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth  
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :

66 . S U M M E R.

That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520  
And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these  
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,  
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,  
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525  
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall  
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice!  
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
For future trials fated to prepare; 530  
'To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs  
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast  
(Backward to mingle in detested war,  
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death; 535  
And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540  
A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
Creep thro' my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,  
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear  
Of fancy strikes; "Be not of us afraid,

" Poor

" Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545  
 " from the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,  
 " The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,  
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550  
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 " Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,  
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD. 555  
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,  
 " The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade : 560  
 " A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,  
 " On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear  
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

AND art thou, \* STANLEY, of that sacred band ?  
 Alas for us too soon ! Tho' rais'd above 565  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy ; yet, with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel  
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :  
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene ; 570

\* A young lady well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,  
 Thy pleasing converse; by gay lively sense  
 Inspir'd: where moral wisdom mildly shone,  
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,  
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575  
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;  
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay  
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while  
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
 Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth. 580  
 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death  
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,  
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns  
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585  
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound  
 Of a near fall of water every sense [back,  
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift shrinking  
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood 590  
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595  
 And from the loud resounding rocks below  
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft

A hoary

A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose ;  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600  
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
 Asslant the hollow channel rapid darts ;  
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
 With wild infracted course, and lessened roar,  
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605  
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;  
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610  
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,  
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower  
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.  
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615  
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
 Short interval of weary woe ! again  
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620  
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,  
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;  
 There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,  
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625  
 By



By flowering umbrage shaded ; where the bee  
 Strays diligent, and with the extracted balm  
 Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630  
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,  
 And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone* :  
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,  
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635  
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the sky  
 The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze  
 Looks gaily fierce thro' all the dazzling air :  
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends,  
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640  
 The \* *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
 Great are the scenes with dreadful beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
*Returning suns* and † *double seasons* pass : 645  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north east and south-east ; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical, which produces this effect.

Whence

Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ; 650  
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods 654  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven  
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taste  
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660  
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona* ! to thy citron-groves ;  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665  
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.  
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
 Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me thro' the maze,  
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig ; 671  
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675  
 O

O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 68a  
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race  
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
 Witness, thou best Anána, thou the pride 68;  
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:  
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove*!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
 Lie stretch'd below interminable meads, 69a  
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,  
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.  
 Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,  
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 69;  
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift  
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd,  
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells

In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
 Prodigious rivers roll their fat'ning seas; 705  
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,  
 Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
 The flood disparts: behold! in plated mail,  
 \* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710  
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies:  
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;  
 Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,  
 In widening circle round, forget their food,  
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast  
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,  
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;  
 Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,  
 High-rais'd in solemn theatre around, 720  
 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!  
 O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,  
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees  
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall; regardless in e 725  
 Of what the never-resting race of Men  
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,  
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;  
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,

\* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 738  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 736  
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues  
 Profusely pours. \* But, if she bids them shine,  
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740  
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast  
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
 While *Philomel* is ours; while in our shades,  
 'Thro' the soft silence of the listening night, 745  
 The sober-suited songstresses trills her lay.

BUT come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,  
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
 Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb 750  
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds  
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.  
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask

\* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, tho' more  
 beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than  
 ours.



# S U M M E R. 75

Of social commerce com'ft to rob their wealth ;  
 No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755  
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rôme*.

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'ft freely range,  
 From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers, 760  
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'ft wander gay,  
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

There, on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765  
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,  
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;  
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;  
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770

And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks  
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,  
 Disdaining all assault ; there let me draw  
 Ethereal soul ; there drink reviving gales,  
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775

And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear  
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin-gold ;  
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780

Δ land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes

76 S U M M E R.

With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,  
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785  
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
For to the hot equator crouding fast,  
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air  
Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790  
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;  
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.  
Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795  
Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,  
And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
The thunder holds his black tremendous throne:  
From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage;  
Till, in the furious elemental war 800  
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass  
Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,  
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*. 805  
From his two springs, in *Gogjam's* sunny realm,  
Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake  
Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant stream.

There,

# S U M M E R. 77

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away  
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810  
 That with unfading verdure smile around.  
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;  
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,  
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815  
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
 Of life-deserted sand ; till glad to quit  
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks  
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820  
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods  
 In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave  
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract  
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind* 825  
 Fall on *Cor'mandel's* coast, or *Malabar* ;  
 From \* *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines  
 With insect lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds  
 On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower :  
 All, at this bounteous season ope their urns, 830  
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

NOR less thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,  
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.

\* The river that runs thro' *Siam* ; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night,

Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oroonoque*  
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835  
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
 At once, his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
 From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends  
 The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse 840  
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass  
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt  
 The sea-like *Plata* ; to whose dread expanse,  
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845  
 In silent dignity they sweep along,  
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
 Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these, 850  
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,  
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;  
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd  
 By Christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons. 855  
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
 Whose vanquish'd tide recoiling from the shock,  
 Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe ;  
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

† The river of the Amazons,

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth? 860  
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?  
 This pomp of nature? what their balmy meads,  
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?  
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,  
 What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,  
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866  
 Their forests yield? their toiling insects what,  
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?  
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid  
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870  
*Golconda's* gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines;  
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun!  
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll,  
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?  
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875  
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;  
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;  
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought:  
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers VEN;  
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEA-  
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881  
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone  
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:  
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself  
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885  
 And with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom  
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,  
 And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
 Mad



Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 890  
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
 The heart-fled tear, th' ineffable delight  
 Of sweet humanity : these court the beam  
 Of milder climes ; in selfish fierce desire,  
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895  
 There lost. The very brute-creation there  
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo ! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,  
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900  
 In orbs immense ; then, darting out anew,  
 Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,  
 Hethrows his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,  
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905  
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins  
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910  
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,  
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd  
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,  
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915  
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce

Impetuous

Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:  
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;  
 And scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920  
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.  
 These rushing from th' inhospitable woods  
 Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,  
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,  
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;  
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
 Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,  
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930  
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
 The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts;  
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
 Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,  
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd, 935  
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:  
 While uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,  
 Society, cut off, is left alone 940  
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
 And views the main that ever toils below;  
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
 Where

Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 945  
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.  
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns  
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,  
 And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950  
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes  
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,  
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,  
 Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds :  
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains, 955  
 And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours;  
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.  
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 960  
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,  
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 965  
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,  
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,  
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play : 970  
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;  
 Till, with the general all-involving storm

Swept

Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;  
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975  
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan  
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded streets  
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 980  
 Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
 The circling † Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985  
 And dire † Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,  
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck  
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:  
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,  
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995  
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

† *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular storms or hurricanes,  
 known only between the tropics.

‡ Called by sailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance at first no  
 bigger.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.  
 Art is too slow : By rapid fate oppress'd,  
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyfs. 1000  
 With such mad seas the daring † GAMA fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,  
 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape* ;  
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
 Of gold. For then from antient gloom emerg'd 1005  
 The rising world of trade : the *Genius*, then,  
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,  
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last [inspir'd,  
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE ; who, HEAV'N.  
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1011  
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,  
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
 Heredwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1015  
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,  
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;  
 And from the partners of that cruel trade,  
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons, 1020

† VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round *Africa*, by the  
*Cape of Good Hope*, to the *East Indies*.

† DON HENRY, third son to *John* the first, king of *Portugal*.  
 His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief  
 source of all the modern improvements in navigation.



# S U M M E R. 85

Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.  
 The stormy fates descend : one death involves  
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled limbs  
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
 And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens,  
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,  
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth  
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,  
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
 And feeble desolation, casting down  
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.

Such as, of late, at *Carthagera* quench'd 1040

The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw

The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw

To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;

Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,

The lip-pale quivering, and the beamless eye 1045

No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans

Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;

H Heard,

Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves,  
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,  
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050  
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,  
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,  
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,  
 Descends? \* From *Ethiopia's* poisoned woods, 1055  
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields  
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,  
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060  
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;  
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd  
 With many a mixture by the sun suffus'd,  
 Of angry aspect. Princely Wisdom, then, 1065  
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand  
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop  
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of Joy,  
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070  
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd  
 'The cheerful haunt of Men: unless escap'd  
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,

\* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the  
*Plague*, in Dr MEAD's elegant book on that subject.

Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven  
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1075  
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sudden door,  
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :  
 Dependents, friends, relations, love himself, 1080  
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,  
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,  
 The wide-enlivening air is full of fate ;  
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1085  
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.  
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair  
 Extends her raven wing; while, to complete  
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090  
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung: the rage intense  
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,  
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :  
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095  
 The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;  
 And rous'd within the subterranean world,  
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100  
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:  
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, flow-fetling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd 1105  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115  
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
 Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' æreal tribes  
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
 Cast a deploring eye; by Man forsook, 1125  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud; 1130  
 And

And following flower, in explosion vast,  
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,  
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds, 1145  
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 1149  
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine  
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,  
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:  
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
 They wore alive, and ruminating still  
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull, 1155  
 An ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable tower and spiry fane  
 Relinquish their aged pride. The gloomy woods



Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.  
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud 1161  
 'The repercussive roar; with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's* peak, 1165  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,  
 And *Thulé* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

| GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.  
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170  
 Descends the fated flash. Young *CELADON*  
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless pair;  
 With equal virtue form'd; and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembled truth.  
 'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish, 1180  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1185

Still

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled ; till, an evil hour, 1190  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.

Prefaging instant fate her bosom heav'd 1195  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.

In vain assuring love, and confidence 1199  
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear : it grew and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd

Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,  
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205

" And inward storm ! HE, who yon skies involves  
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour  
 " Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210  
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,  
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus

" To

"To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace, 1214  
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground,  
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd on all the death of woe!  
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb, 1220  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds  
 Tumultuous rove, the interminable sky  
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands 1225  
 A purer azure. Thro' the lightened air  
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230  
 Invests the fields; and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.  
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235  
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate  
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,  
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd, 1240

That

That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

CHEER'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1245  
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave, 1250  
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;  
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

THIS is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;  
Nor, when cold WINTER keens the brightening flood,  
Would I weak shivering linger on the brink.  
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd 1260  
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,  
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,  
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265  
Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,  
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes  
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat, 1270  
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that  
 Among the bending willows, falsely he [play'd  
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275  
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,  
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden-pride,  
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole  
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye,  
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280  
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;  
 And, if an infant-passion struggled there,  
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!  
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 1285  
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,  
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:  
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;  
 And, robe'd in loose array, she came to bathe 1290  
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:  
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,  
 A delicate refinement, known to few, 1295  
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:  
 But



But love forbade: Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?  
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest  
*Arcadian* stream, with timid eye around 1300  
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,  
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
 Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top  
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside  
 The rival-goddesses the veil divine 1305  
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
 Than, *DAMON*, thou; as from the snowy leg,  
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;  
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;  
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310  
 With youth wild-throbbing, on the lawless gaze  
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
 How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view;  
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,  
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315  
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;  
 And fair expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,  
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?  
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood 1320  
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;  
 And every beauty softening, every grace  
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:  
 As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild;  
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew, 1325  
 Fresh

Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.  
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,  
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew 1330  
 Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,  
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
 With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,  
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd  
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love 1335  
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,  
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank  
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,  
 " Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye 1340  
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,  
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood: 1345  
 So stands the † statue that enchants the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingling beauties of exulting *Greece*.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes  
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd 1350  
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train

\* The Venus of Medici.

Oft mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,  
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt, 1355  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted: even a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,  
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy: 1365  
 "Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 "By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 "Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
 "Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

THE sun has lost his rage: his downward orb 1370  
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,  
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,  
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,  
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below, 1375  
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380  
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,  
 I And

And in pathetic song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social friends,  
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul;  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught  
 With philosophic stores, superior light;  
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns  
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance; 1390  
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:  
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,  
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk;  
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 1395  
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE  
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1399  
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?  
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild  
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend, 1405  
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful † *Shene*? Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,

† The old name of *Richmond*, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, or *Splendor*.

Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA fend,  
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her plain, 1410  
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where  
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view  
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn  
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows. 1415  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :  
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendent woods  
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat  
 And stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420  
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,  
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,  
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES ;  
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425  
 In *Twit'nam's* bowers, and for their POPE implore  
 The healing God § ; to royal *Hampton's* pile,  
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd height, and *Essex's* groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd  
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*, 1430  
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.  
 Inchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse  
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung !  
 O vale of blifs ! O softly-swellling hills !  
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies, 1435  
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

† *Highgate* and *Hamstead*.

§ In his last sickness.



HEAVENS! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays! 1440  
 Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,  
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad  
 Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cotts,  
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime; 1445  
 Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;  
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float  
 With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks  
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides,  
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450  
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;  
 And property assures it to the swain,  
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil. 1455

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art:  
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
 Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,  
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews  
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield, 1460  
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves

His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet  
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
 By hardship finew'd, and by danger fir'd,  
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first  
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas.  
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;  
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;  
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;  
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475  
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,  
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,  
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480  
 Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,  
 And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!  
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,  
 Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms, 1485  
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,  
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,  
 Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,  
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 1490

Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,  
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;  
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,  
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495  
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak  
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?  
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;  
 RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*, whose breast with all  
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500  
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign  
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,  
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind  
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past, 1505  
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.  
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510  
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,  
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.  
 A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,  
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age 1515  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
 Bright, at his call, thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,  
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye

Shall

Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read. 1520  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd blood,  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;  
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk 1525  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friend, the † BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;  
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By ancient learning to th' enlightened love  
 Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530  
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state, 1535  
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course: him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul, 1540  
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.  
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom  
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long  
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms, 1545  
 And definitions void: he led her forth,  
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow ascending still,

† ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Investigating

Investigating sure the chain of things,  
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.  
 The generous † ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man,  
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye, 1553  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.  
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works, 1555  
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE  
 Who made the whole internal world his own?  
 Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom God  
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560  
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1565  
 Is not wild SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's boast.  
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
 Of classic-ages in thy MILTON met?  
 A genius universal as his theme;  
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime. 1570  
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;  
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:  
 Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage, 1575

† ANTONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.



# S U M M E R. 105

CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,  
Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud  
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,  
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,  
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white  
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585  
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,  
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,  
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast; 1590  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of blifs! amid the subject seas,  
That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up, 1595  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm:  
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600

O THOU! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,

Send

Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,  
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;  
 The tender looking *Charity*, intent 1605  
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;  
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind ;  
*Courage* compos'd, and keen ; found *Temperance*,  
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*,  
 With blushes reddening as she moves along, 1610  
 Disordered at the deep regard she draws ;  
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,  
 With copious life inform'd and all awake :  
 While in the radiant front, superior shines  
 That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal* ; 1615  
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
 And, ever musing on the common weal,  
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds 1620  
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
 Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending nymphs, 1625  
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb ;  
 Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden curve  
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,  
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ; 1630  
 As

As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,  
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:  
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch, 1635  
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,  
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd  
 A drooping family of modest worth.  
 But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640  
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;  
 To him the long review of order'd life  
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

CONFESS'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
 All ether softening, sober *Evening* takes  
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;  
 A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this*  
 She sends on earth ; then *that* of deeper dye 1650  
 Steals soft behind : and then a *deeper* still,  
 In circle following circle, gathers round,  
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,  
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655  
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
 A whitening shower of vegetable down  
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care

108 S U M M E R.

Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed 1660  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves  
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail; 1665  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn  
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.  
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670  
And valley sunk, and unfrequented: where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game, and revelry, to pass  
The summer-night, as village-stories tell.  
But far about they wander from the grave 1675  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold,  
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glow-worm lights his gem; and thro' the dark  
A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields  
The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd 1685  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,

Flings

Flings half an image on the straining eye ;  
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690  
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
 Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft  
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
 Sweet *Venus* shines ; and from her genial rise, 1695  
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,  
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.  
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
 Across the sky ; or horizontal dart 1700  
 In wondrous shapes : by fearful murmuring crouds  
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds ;  
 Lo ! from the dread immensity of space 1705  
 Returning, with accelerated course,  
 The rushing comet to the sun descends ;  
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,  
 The guilty nations tremble. But above 1710  
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
 And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,  
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,  
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715  
 Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,  
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting  
 spurns



This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;  
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds  
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time, 1720  
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:  
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake  
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725  
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps  
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,  
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song! 1730  
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!  
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,  
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,  
 Whose mild vibration sooth the parted soul,  
 New to the dawning of celestial day. 1735  
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
 She springs aloft with elevated pride,  
 Above the tangling mafs of low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,  
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740  
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,  
 To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:  
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,  
 The chain of causes and effects, to HIM, 1745  
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone

Possesses

Possesses being; while the *Last* receives  
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750  
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts  
Her voice to ages; and informs the page  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die! the treasure of mankind! 1755  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

WITHOUT thee, what were unenlighten'd Man!  
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,  
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashioned fur  
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art, 1760  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765  
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole;  
Mother severe of infinite delights!  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile, 1770  
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse; but, taught by thee,  
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775  
K 2 Embellish

Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs  
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath  
 Of potent Heaven, invifible, the fail  
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

NOR to this evanefcent fpeck of earth  
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high  
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze  
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex  
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785  
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,  
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,  
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom fwift ſhe turns  
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
 Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear; 1790  
 Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,  
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:  
 To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;  
 And notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins 1795  
 The world of ſpirits, action all, and life  
 Unfettered, and unmixt. But here the cloud,  
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, fits deep.  
 Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,  
 In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits, 1800  
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove  
 The final Iſſue of the works of God,  
 By boundleſs LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,  
 And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

AUTUMN.

A U T U M N.

K 3

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.*







*Tho. Donaldson Sculp.*

Autumn

## A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,  
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
 Comes jovial on ; the *Doric* reed once more,  
 Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost  
 Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd Spring 5  
 Put in white promise forth ; and Summer-suns  
 Concocted strong ; rush boundless now to view,  
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ON SLOW ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10  
 Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear  
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,  
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;  
 While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue, 15  
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence  
 A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.  
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,  
 Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20  
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN

# 116 A U T U M N.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,  
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year ;  
 From heav'n's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26  
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30  
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :  
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35  
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;  
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun  
 By fits effulgent, gilds th' illumin'd field,  
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough  
 power !

Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain :  
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45  
 And all the soft civility of life :  
 Raifer of human-kind ! by Nature cast,  
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;  
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50

Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
Materials infinite ; but idle all.  
Still unexerted in th' unconscious breast,  
Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,  
Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand 55  
Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :  
And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal  
Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !  
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60  
With Winter charg'd, let the mixt tempest fly,  
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :  
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;  
And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.  
For home he had not ; home is the resort 65  
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
But this the rugged savage never felt,  
Ev'n desolate in clouds ; and thus his days 70  
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :  
A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,  
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :  
His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,  
Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75  
Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise .  
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire, On



On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80  
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax ;  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :  
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;  
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,  
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
 And bade him be the *Lord* of all below. 95

THEN gathering men their natural powers, com-  
 bin'd,  
 And form'd a *Public* ; to the gen'ral good  
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,  
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole* ; 100  
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set  
*Imperial Justice* at the helm ; yet still  
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105  
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,

And

And all the honey of their search, to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower encircled head:  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built: 119  
Rais'd the strong crane; chock'd up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between 125  
Possess'd the breezy void; the footy hulk  
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along  
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130  
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,  
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,  
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
 Its ample roof: and Luxury within 135  
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,  
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
 And soften into flesh beneath the touch  
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er  
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
 Delightful. Pensive Winter chear'd by him  
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along; 145  
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;  
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;  
 Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit  
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song. 150

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day;  
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
 In fair array; each by the last he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
 At once they stoop, and swell the lusty sheaves;  
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time, 160  
And

And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up the flocks;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you; 170  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want 175  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;  
 And Fortune simil'd, deceitful, on her birth.  
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 180  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale;  
 By solitude and deep-surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

L

Like

Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare,  
 Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195  
 Still on the ground dejected ; darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205  
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean PALEMEN's fields. The pride of swains  
 PALEMEN was, the generous, and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy

And



And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song 220

Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;

When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,

But free to follow Nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes

Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225

To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;

Unconscious of her power, and turning quick

With unaffected blushes from his gaze :

He saw her charming, but he saw not half

The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd. 230

That very moment love and chaste desire

Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;

For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,

Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field : 235

And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,

“ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense

“ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,

“ Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240

“ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,

“ Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind

“ Recalls that patron of my happy life,

“ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;

“ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,

“ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 246

“ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,

“ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,

" Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250  
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful ACASIO; who can speak 255  
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once. 260  
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus PALEMOR, passionate and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" AND art thou then ACASIO's dear remains? 265  
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,  
 " So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,  
 " The softened image of my noble friend,  
 " Alive his every look, his every feature,  
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring! 270  
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root  
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,  
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
 " The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN?  
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275  
 " Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 " Beat

" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?  
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,  
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and showers  
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280  
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy!  
 " Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 " ACASTO'S daughter, his whose open stores,  
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 " The father of a country, thus to pick 285  
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;  
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290  
 " If to the various blessings which thy house  
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA'S fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam

Of setting life shone on her evening hours : 306  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,  
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
 Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs  
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315  
 But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,  
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,  
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;  
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320  
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325  
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
 The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,  
 Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;  
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330  
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
 In one continuous flood. Still over head  
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
 The deluge deepens ; till the fields around

Lie sunk, and flatted, in the fordid wave. 335  
Sudden, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.  
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks  
The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,  
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340  
Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd  
In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,  
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman  
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345  
Driving along ; his drowning ox at once  
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350  
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,  
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;  
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad  
Whose toil to yours is wramth, and graceful pride ;  
And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355  
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !  
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,  
And all-involving winds have sweep'd away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy, 360  
The gun fast thundering, and the winded horn,  
Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game* :  
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,

Stiff



Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Outstretch'd and finely sensible, *draws* full, 365  
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;  
 As in the sun, the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,  
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370  
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,  
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye  
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again, 375  
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful muse,  
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380  
 Then most delighted, when she social sees  
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round  
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;  
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385  
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;  
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,  
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,  
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390  
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath

Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395  
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage;  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want :  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare !  
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;  
 The thistly lawn ; the thick-intangled broom ; 405  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits 410  
 Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,  
 By Nature rais'd to take the horizon in ;  
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
 In act to spring away. The scented dew  
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415  
 In scattered fullen openings, far behind,  
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
 The savage soul of game is up at once : 420  
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn  
 Re-

Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;  
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,  
 Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight; 430  
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:  
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the winds  
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435  
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood;  
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440  
 He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing fees  
 The glades, mild opening to the golden day:  
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445  
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:  
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450

Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face ;  
 He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack, 455  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,  
 And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the silvan youth,  
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
 Must have the chace ; behold, despising flight, 460  
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,  
 Advancing full on the protended spear,  
 And coward band, that circling wheel aloof.  
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
 See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe 465  
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :  
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not ; give, ye BRITONS, then  
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour 471  
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :  
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.  
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge  
 High bound, resistless ; nor the deep morafs 476  
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness  
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood  
 Bear

Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full;  
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480  
 Your triumph found sonorous, running round,  
 From rock to rock, in circling echos tost;  
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;  
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn  
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485  
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;  
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;  
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490  
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths  
 Relentless torn: O glorious he, beyond  
 His daring peers! when the retreating horn  
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur, 495  
 Depending decent from the roof; and spread  
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,  
 The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,  
 When the night staggers with severer toils,  
 With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew, 500  
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;  
 The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
 Beneath the smoking firloin, stretch'd immense  
 From side to side: in which, with desperate knife, 505  
 They deep incision make, and talk the while  
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd

While



While hence they borrow vigour : or amain  
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,  
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510  
 Relating all the glories of the chace.  
 Then sated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*  
 Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,  
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round  
 A potent gale, delicious, as the breath 515  
 Of *Maia* to the love-sick shepherdess,  
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears  
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.  
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,  
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520  
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front  
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid  
 Even with the vineyards best produce to vie.  
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while  
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525  
 Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,  
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake  
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss  
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idleneffes laid 530  
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan  
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in  
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,  
 Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, brimming bowls 535  
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,

And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, 539  
 Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds,  
 To church or mistress, politics or ghost,  
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
 Mean time, with sudden interruption, loud,  
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart:  
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul; 545  
 And, opening in a full mouth'd Cry of joy,  
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round;  
 While, from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
 Mix in the music of the day again.  
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550  
 The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:  
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,  
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555  
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.  
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,  
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
 As if the table even itself was drunk,  
 Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below, 560  
 Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride  
 The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,  
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
 Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565  
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,

Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.  
Far be the spirit of the chace from them !  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing sleet ; 575  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire ;  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
With every motion, every word, to wave 580  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
And from the smallest vioience to shrink  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging Man. 585  
O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,  
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,  
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,

Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595  
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;  
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;  
 To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;  
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
 And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race 600  
 To rear their graces into second life;  
 To give society its highest taste;  
 Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make;  
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605  
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:  
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

YE swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank; 610  
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,  
 Ye virgins come. For you their latest song  
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
 The lover finds amid the secret shade; 615  
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair: 620  
 MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,

Yet

# A U T U M N. 137

Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife,  
And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
In chearful error, let us tread the maze 625  
Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,  
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
From the deep-loaded bough a' mellow shower  
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630  
Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.  
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;  
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth and air,  
In ever changing composition mixt. 635  
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps  
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640  
Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points  
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue :  
Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,  
PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* bard ! the second thou  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645  
With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :  
How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours. 650



IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day,  
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
 Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain;  
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 655  
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,  
 In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!  
 Mean-time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 660  
 New beauties rise with each revolving day;  
 New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds  
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
 Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:  
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665  
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.  
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst  
 Of thy applause, I solitary court  
 Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book  
 Of Nature ever open; aiming thence, 670  
 Warm from the heart to learn the moral song.  
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
 My pleasing Theme continual prompts my thought:  
 Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb; 675  
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,  
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;  
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;  
Where, by the potent sun, elated high,  
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;  
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 686  
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.  
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes 690  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats  
And foams unbounded with the mazy flood:  
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,  
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy: 700  
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd, 705  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,

Who:

Who pours a sweep of rivers from his fides, 710  
 And high between contending kingdoms rears  
 The rocky long division, fills the view  
 With great variety; but in a night  
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
 Sinks, dark and dreary. Thence expanding far, 715  
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:  
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems  
 Sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
 Even in the height of noon oppress, the sun  
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray; 720  
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,  
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life  
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725  
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
 Successive closing, sits the general fog  
 Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,  
 A formless grey confusion covers all.  
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 730  
 Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd  
 Its infant-way; nor Order yet had drawn  
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin  
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735  
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
 Of water scoop'd among the hollow rocks;

Whence

Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740  
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
 Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum every way,  
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;  
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745  
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.  
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs ;  
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755  
 To take so far a journey to the hills,  
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?  
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop 760  
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?  
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,  
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765  
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,  
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :  
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,  
 Had

Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again. 770

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd  
From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribe?  
O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man, 775  
To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,  
O lay the mountains bare! and wide display  
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!  
Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;  
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780  
From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaus* stretch'd  
Athwart the roving *Tartar's* fullen bounds!  
Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,  
And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream!  
O from the sounding fummits of the north, 785  
The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandanavia* roll'd  
To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main;  
From lofty *Caucasus*, far seen by those  
Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil  
From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Rufs* 790  
Believes the † *stony girdle* of the world;  
And all the dreadful mountains wrapt in storm,  
Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;  
O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,

† The *Muscovites* call the *Riphean Mountains* *Weliki Gomenypovs*, that is, *the great stony Girdle*; because they suppose them to compass the whole earth.



That ever works beneath his sounding base, 795  
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs,  
 And of the bending † *Mountains of the Moon!* 800  
 Overtopping all these giant-sons of earth,  
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line  
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!  
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose, 805  
 I see the rivers in their infant-beds!  
 Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!  
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;  
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,  
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810  
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,  
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;  
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815  
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.  
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,  
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,  
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,  
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820  
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,

† A range of Mountains in *Africa*, that surround almost all  
*Monomotapa*,

Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;  
 And welling out, around the middle steep,  
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825  
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
 Th' exhaling fun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd  
 These vapours in continual current draw,  
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830  
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
 A social commerce hold, and firm support  
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835  
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,  
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,  
 The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,  
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;  
 In clusters clung beneath the mouldering bank, 840  
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.  
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
 With other kindred birds of season, there  
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months,  
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845  
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic force  
 In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,  
 By diligence amazing, and the strong  
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,

850

The

The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,  
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.  
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,  
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;  
 And many a circle, many a short essay, 856  
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full  
 The figured flight ascends; and, riding high  
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls, 860  
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
 Of farthest *Thulé*, and the *Atlantic* surge  
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;  
 Who can recount what transmigrations there  
 Are annual made? what nations come and go? 865  
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
 Infinite wings? till all the plume-dark air,  
 And rude-refounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock,  
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870  
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or to the rocks  
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;  
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up  
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875  
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,  
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,  
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880  
 Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,  
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,  
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth  
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ; 885  
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure parent-stream,  
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,  
 With silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)  
 To where the north-inflated tempest foams 890  
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest peak :  
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage  
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895  
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave ;  
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,  
 (As well unhappy *WALLACE* can attest,  
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)  
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900  
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal* Morn.

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power  
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910  
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,  
 To cheer dejected industry? to give  
 A double harvest to the pining swain?  
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?  
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915  
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar  
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets  
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920  
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosp'rous sail, from every growing port,  
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;  
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925  
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep?

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,  
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930  
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935  
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.



Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,<sup>940</sup>  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As truth sincere, as weeping-friendship kind,  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, <sup>945</sup>  
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;  
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
 Shade deep'ning over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, <sup>950</sup>  
 Of every hue, from wan declining green  
 To footy dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the season in its latest view.

MEANTIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave <sup>956</sup>  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
 The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force <sup>960</sup>  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate croud,  
 And soar above this little scene of things ;

To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet; 965  
 To soothe the throbbing Passions into peace;  
 And woo lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
 And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard 970  
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse,  
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975  
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls; now shivering sit  
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;  
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
 And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980  
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
 The gun the music of the coming year  
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,  
 Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey,  
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground! 985

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
 A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;  
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 990  
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;

Till chok'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995  
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
 And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
 Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;  
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000  
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

HE comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER  
 OF PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!  
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005  
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,  
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!  
 Inflames imagination; thro' the breast  
 Infuses every tenderness; and far 1010  
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
 Croud fast into the mind's creative eye.  
 As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015  
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd  
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;  
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,  
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,  
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth 1020  
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn

Of

Of tyrant pride; the fearless great resolve;  
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;  
Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame; 1025  
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;  
With all the *social Offspring of the heart*.

OH bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;  
To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms; 1030  
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,  
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;  
And voices more than human, thro' the void  
Deep-founding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

OR is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye Powers,  
That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036  
Preside, which, shining thro' the chearful land  
In countless numbers, blest BRITANNIA sees;  
O lead me to the wide extended walks,  
The fair majestic paradise of STOWE §! 1040  
Nor *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore  
E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art  
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd  
By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,  
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045  
And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,  
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,  
Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,

§ The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in *Stowe Gardens*.

Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;  
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles 1050  
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,  
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then  
 Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land* ;  
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055  
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
 Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.  
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,  
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060  
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
 What every decent character requires,  
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain  
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds  
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065  
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,  
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne.  
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*  
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes ;  
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070  
 Of order'd trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
 And long embattled hosts ! when the proud foe  
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war ; 1075  
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,

The



# A U T U M N. 153

The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,  
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day; 1080  
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd  
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085  
The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the Moon  
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,  
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.  
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend.  
And cavern deep, as optic tube descries, 1091  
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

BUT when half blotted from the sky her light,  
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn  
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven;  
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,  
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white; 1105

Oft

Oft in this season, silent from the north  
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first  
 The lower skies, they all at once converge  
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110  
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,  
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array, 1115  
 Throng'd with aërial spears, and steeds of fire;  
 Till the long lines of full-extended war  
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood  
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120  
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
 Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,  
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame; 1125  
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;  
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;  
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
 The unalterable hour: even Nature's self  
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130  
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,  
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know

The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
Of this appearance beautiful and new.

1135

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lies; all beauty void;

Distinction lost; and gay variety

1140

One universal blot; such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,

Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,

Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;

1145

Nor visited by one directive ray,

From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,

Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,

The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails

1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,

Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:

While still, from day to day, his pining wife,

1155

And plaintive children his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,

Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,

Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,

The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,

1160

That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else

Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines  
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1165

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;  
 The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;  
 And hung on every spray, on every blade  
 Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

AN see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit 1170  
 Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,  
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
 And fix'd o'er sulphur: while not dreaming ill,  
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
 Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes 1175  
 Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoiced  
 To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;  
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes, 1180  
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.  
 And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
 Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?  
 For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185  
 Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
 O Man! tyrannic Lord! how long, how long,  
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
 Awaiting renovation? When oblig'd,  
 Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food 1190  
 Can you not borrow; and, in just return,

Afford

Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;  
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
 Again regale them on some smiling day?  
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195  
 Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200  
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
 (As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is seiz'd  
 By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,  
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
 Into a gulf of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,  
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,  
 Infinite splendor! wide investing all.  
 How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads  
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210  
 How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd  
 With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch  
 How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd  
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
 The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215  
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;  
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.  
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round  
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220  
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth



By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225  
 Darts not unmeaning looks; and where her eye  
 Points an approving smile, with double force,  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts  
 'The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil 1231  
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men  
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd, 1235  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.  
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
 Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?  
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe 1240  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 'The pride and gaze of fools! oppresses him not?  
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps  
 With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl  
 Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state? 1250  
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,  
 'That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;

A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
 Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd 1255  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
 When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
 Or in the wintry glêbe whatever lies 1261  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence; 1271  
 Unfollied beauty; sound unbroken youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
 Health every blooming; unambitious toil;  
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;  
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280  
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,

Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,  
 Find other lands beneath another sun.  
 Let *this* through cities work his eager way, 1285  
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
 'The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment  
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*  
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law, 1290  
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
 An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,  
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;  
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295  
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
 While he, from all the stormy passions free  
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,  
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,  
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1301  
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,  
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305  
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310  
 Into his freshened soul; her genial hours  
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,

And

And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempé* wont to wave, 1315  
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these  
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;  
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320  
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diffends  
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams  
 Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.  
 Even Winter wild to him is full of blifs. 1325  
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330  
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers; 1335  
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels;  
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace  
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,

Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345  
 'This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all! 1350  
 Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!  
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,  
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep 1356  
 Light my blind way: the mineral *strata* there;  
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;  
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind, 1360  
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;  
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;  
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
 But if to that unequal; if the blood, 1365  
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
 That *best* ambition; under closing shades,  
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,  
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;  
 And let me never never stray from THEE! 1371

WINTER.



W I N T E R.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.*

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Winter

## W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,  
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;  
*Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms.* Be these my theme,  
 These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms ! 5  
 Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,  
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,  
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain ; 10  
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;  
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;  
 Or seen the deep-fermenting tempest brew'd,  
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
 Till, thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15  
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her first essay*,  
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her song.  
 Since has she rounded the revolving year :  
 Skim'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20  
 Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise ;  
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;  
 And now among the wintry clouds again,

Roll'd



Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;  
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:  
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear  
 With bold description, and with manly thought.  
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30  
 And how to make a mighty people thrive:  
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul  
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal; 35  
 A steady spirit regularly free;  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless empire of the sky  
 To *Capricorn* the *Gentaur Archer* yields,  
 And fierce *Aquarius* stains th' inverted year;  
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
 Scarce spreads thro' ether the dejected day. 45  
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
 Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;  
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50  
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
 Nor is the night unwish'd: while vital heat,

Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
 Mean-time, in fable cincture, shadows vast,  
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55  
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,  
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,  
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60  
 The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,  
 And black with more than melancholy views.  
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65  
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
 Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;  
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan 70  
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,  
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure  
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain 76  
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80  
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
 To

To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85  
 Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.  
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind  
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90  
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks,  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95  
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along;  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;  
 Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100  
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd  
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,  
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;  
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104  
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand  
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,  
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!

That

# W I N T E R. 169

That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd fings! 110  
 Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,  
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
 Where your ærial magazines reserv'd,  
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115  
 In what far-distant region of the sky,  
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120  
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
 Which master to obey: while rising slow,  
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125  
 Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,  
 The stars obtuse, emit a shivered ray;  
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;  
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 131  
 With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,  
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,  
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135  
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,  
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

P

Retiring

Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140  
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,  
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.  
Assiduous in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing  
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,  
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150  
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
'That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.  
'Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air,  
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155  
Descends th' etherial force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
'Thro' the black night that sits immense around,  
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 160  
Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165  
Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave  
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
Into the secret chambers of the deep,



# W I N T E R. 171

The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.  
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170  
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,  
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175  
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade,  
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180  
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
 Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190  
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,  
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196

All nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft  
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the wings of the careering wind  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200  
 Then straight, air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*. 205  
 And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;  
 Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
 And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!  
 Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train! 210  
 Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
 Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,  
 A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
 And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215  
 With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!  
 O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!  
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220  
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;  
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

THE keener tempests rise : and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north.  
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin wavering ; 'till at last the flakes 230  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter robe of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melt  
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235  
Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
'Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone 245  
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man  
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250  
Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,

Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :  
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,  
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260  
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,  
 Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270  
 At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All Winter drives along the darkened air;  
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280  
 Of

Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;  
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285  
 Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
 In many a vain attempt. How sink his soul !  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290  
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
 Far from the track, and blest abode of Man ;  
 While round him night resistless closes fast,  
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295  
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;  
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300  
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and what is land, unknown,  
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,  
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310  
 In



In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
 In vain his little children peeping out  
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,  
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315  
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense :  
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320  
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,  
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;  
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 325  
 Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,  
 How many feel this very moment, death  
 And all the sad variety of pain—  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame—How many bleed, 330  
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man—  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs—How many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335  
 Of misery—Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty—How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded

Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse—  
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345  
 In deep retir'd distress—How many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate;  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate; 355  
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous † band, 359  
 Who touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;  
 Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,  
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.  
 While in the land of liberty, the land 365  
 Whose every street and public meeting glow  
 With open freedoms, little tyrants rag'd;

† The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.

Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;  
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370  
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,  
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375  
 O great design! if executed well,  
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.  
 Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;  
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron-rod, 380  
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.  
 Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,  
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.  
 The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men  
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385  
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
 How glorious were the day! - that saw these broke,  
 And every Man within the reach of right.

BY wintry famine rous'd, from all the track  
 Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390  
 And wavy *Appennine*, and *Pyrenees*,  
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands;  
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
 Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!  
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395  
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,

Keen

Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The godlike face of man avails him nought.  
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance  
The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 406  
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,  
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,  
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410  
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
The shrouded body from the grave; e'er which,  
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd  
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell; 415  
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.  
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come,  
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420  
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
In the wild deep of Winter, while without 425  
The

The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore  
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,  
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430  
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse of the MIGHTY DEAD;  
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,  
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435  
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass  
 Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440  
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,  
 Invincible! calm Reason's holy law,  
 That *voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind,  
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death;  
 Great moral teacher! *Wise*st of mankind! 445  
 SOLON the next, who built his common-weal  
 On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*  
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.  
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455

As



# W I N T E R. 181

As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,  
 The firm \* DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.  
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;  
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;  
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465  
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad  
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend  
 Of every worth and every splendid art;  
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470  
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,  
 Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,  
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast,  
 TIMOLEON, happy temper! mild and firm,  
 Who wept the *Brother*, while the *Tyrant* bled. 475  
 And, equal to the best, the ‡ THEBAN PAIR,  
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,  
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,  
 And left a mass of fordid lees behind, 80  
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm;  
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,

\* LEONIDAS.

† THEMISTOCLES.

‡ PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooch'd his brow;  
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485  
 And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' sons,  
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw  
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.  
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train. 490  
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul  
 Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE :  
 And he her darling as her latest hope,  
 The *gallant* PHILOPOEMEN; who to arms  
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495  
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;  
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!  
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times  
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500  
 Their *dearest* country they *too* fondly lov'd—  
 Her *better Founder*, first, the light of ROME,  
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons—  
 SERVIUS the *King*, who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the *vast Republic* spread. 505  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise—  
 The \* PUBLIC FATHER, who the *Private* quell'd,  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad—  
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,  
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes— 510  
 FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold;

\* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

And

# W I N T E R. 183

And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough—  
 Thy \* WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose  
 From all that pleading nature could oppose,  
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515  
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command—  
 SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And warm in youth, to the *Poetic shade*  
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd— 520  
 TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while  
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME—  
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*—  
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,  
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525  
 Lifted the *Roman steel* against thy *Friend*.  
 'Thousands besides the tribute of a verse  
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?  
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state, 530  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:  
 'Tis *Phœbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain*!  
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,  
 Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,  
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 536  
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch  
 Pathetic drew th' impassioned heart, and charm'd

\* REGULUS.

Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE :  
 Northose who, tuneful, walk'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your kind ! society divine ! 541  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
*Silence*, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;  
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545  
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend ; 550  
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, HAMMOND ? thou the darling pride,  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 556  
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ! 560  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store  
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name ?  
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm 566  
 Of

Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?  
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THU'S in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:  
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576  
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;  
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580  
 And each diffusive harmony unite  
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.  
 Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,  
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585  
 By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all  
 In *General Good*. The sage historic Muse  
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:  
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,  
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590  
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
 In nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,  
 Our hearts would burn within us; would inhale  
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595



Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;  
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600  
 Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
 Of rural life: or, snatch'd away by hope,  
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,  
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605  
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,  
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610  
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form  
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprise;  
 Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself, 615  
 Calls laughter forth deep-shaking every nerve.

MEAN-TIME the village rouses up the fire;  
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620  
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;  
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
 The

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;  
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance.  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630  
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,  
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul  
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf 635  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; - 640  
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,  
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer shine,  
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;  
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;  
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE 650  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.

Some-

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,  
Or charm the heart, in generous \* BEVIL shew'd. 655

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,  
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill  
To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,  
And all *Appollo's* animating fire, 660  
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,  
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!  
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665  
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
(For every *Muse* has in thy train a place)  
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:  
To mark that spirit, which, with *British scorn*,  
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670  
That elegant politeness, which excels,  
Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*,  
The boasted manners of her shining court;  
That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point, 675  
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.  
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,

\* A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir  
RICHARD STEELE.

When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 680  
 BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,  
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :  
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again  
 Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,  
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 686  
 And even reluctant party feels a while  
 Thy gracious power : as through the varied maze  
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :  
 For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,  
 Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,  
 For sight too fine, the ethereal nitre flies;  
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695  
 Storing afresh with elemental life.  
 Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds  
 Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;  
 Refines our spirits through the new-strung nerves,  
 In swifter fallies darting to the brain; 701  
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
 All Nature feels the renovating force  
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705  
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,  
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.

A stronger glow fits on the lively cheek  
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along  
 The purer rivers flow their fullen deeps,  
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

710

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores  
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715  
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?  
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
 Through water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve, 720  
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
 With the fierce rage of winter deep suffus'd,  
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725  
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,  
 Rustles no more; but to the sedge bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heav'n  
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730  
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.  
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
 A doublé noise; while at his evening watch,  
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief;  
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall 735  
 Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain

Shakes



Shakes from afar. The full etherial round,  
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope 740  
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
 Through the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;  
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world, 745  
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
 The various labour of the silent night;  
 Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
 The pendent icicle; the frost-work fair, 750  
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;  
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
 A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;  
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave;  
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow, 755  
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

ON blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760  
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,  
 Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport  
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,  
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy  
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine* 765  
 Branch'd

Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
 From every province swarming, void of care,  
*Batavia* rushes forth; and as they sweep,  
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
 In circling poise, swift as the winds along, 770  
 The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.  
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
 The long-refounding course. Mean-time, to raise 775  
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,  
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,  
 Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful is the wholesome day;  
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780  
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:  
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
 Gay twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790  
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;  
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
 Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

BUT

# W I N T E R. 193

BUT what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,  
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795  
 Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone* ;  
 Where, for relentless months, continual night  
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,  
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800  
 Wide-roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around  
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;  
 And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,  
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 805  
 And cheerless towns far distant, never blest'd,  
 Save when its annual course the caravan  
 Bends to the golden coast of rich † *Cathay*,  
 With news of human kind. Yet their life glows ;  
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810  
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,  
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;  
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark-embrown'd,  
 Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,  
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815  
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer  
 Sleep on the new fallen snows ; and, scarce his head  
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyfs.  
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820

† The old name for *China*.

Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
 The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825  
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,  
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;  
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830  
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,  
 And with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
 That see *Boötes* urge his tardy wain, 835  
 A boisterous race, by frosty † *Gaurus* pierc'd,  
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame  
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery funk,  
 Drove martial § horde on horde, with dreadful sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 841  
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.  
 Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they  
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;  
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives; 845

† The North-West wind.

§ The wandering *Seythian-Clans*.

They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.  
No false desires, no pride-created wants,  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;  
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze  
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850  
Their rain-deer form their riches. These their tents,  
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.  
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855  
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse  
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep  
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.  
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860  
And vivid moons and stars that keener play  
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,  
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find  
A wondrous day : enough to light the chase,  
Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*. 865  
Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,  
While dim *Aurora* slowly moves before,  
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
By small degrees extends the swelling curve !  
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870  
Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,  
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,



Where pure \* *Niemi*'s fairy mountains rise, 875  
 And fring'd with roses † *Tenglio* rolls his stream,  
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They, chearful, loaded to their tents repair;  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880  
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on beyond *Tornea*'s lake,  
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,  
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself,  
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;

\* *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on the *Figure of the Earth*, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland*, says,—“ From this height we had opportunity several  
 “ times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the  
 “ country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits  
 “ of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that  
 “ haunted this place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a place of resort  
 “ for Fairies and *Genii*, than bears.”

† The same Author observes—“ I was surpriz'd to see up-  
 “ on the banks of this river (the *Tenglio*) roses of as lively a red as  
 “ any that are in our gardens.”

And,

And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath § another sky.  
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court; 895  
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,  
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;  
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky; 905  
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,  
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,  
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down, 910  
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,  
 Wide rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
 Ocean-itself no longer can resist  
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage  
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915  
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,

§ The other hemisphere.

Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearless, and void  
 Of every life, that from the dreary months  
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they! 920  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
 Take their last look of the descending sun;  
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
 Falls horrible. Such was the § BRITON's fate, 925  
 As with *first* prow (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)  
 He for the passage sought, attempted since  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.  
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught, 930  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 635

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing  
 stream  
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;  
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,  
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,

§ Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the north-east passage.

Doze

Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945  
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.  
Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
And calls the quivered savage to the chace.

WHAT cannot active government perform, 950  
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these  
A people savage from remotest time, [shores,  
A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,  
By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.  
Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 955  
His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,  
Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;  
And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,  
To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.  
Ye shades of antient heroes, ye who toil'd 960  
Thro' long successive ages to build up  
A labouring plan of state, behold at once  
The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!  
Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965  
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
And roaming every land, in every port  
His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,  
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970  
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.  
Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes!  
Then

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste ;  
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;  
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975  
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar ;  
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch  
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north, 980  
 And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.  
*Sloth* flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,  
 Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,  
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,  
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985  
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,  
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,  
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990  
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,  
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995  
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
 Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,  
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000  
 And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
 Athwart



Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,  
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors 1005  
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human force endure  
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010  
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
 Now ceasing, now renewed with louder rage,  
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.  
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan  
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015  
 Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,  
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,  
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking* eye, 1020  
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil  
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !  
 How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends  
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !  
 See here thy pictur'd life ; pass some few years,  
 Thy

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
 The sober Autumn fading into age, 1031  
 And pale-concluding Winter comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,  
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035  
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?  
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts  
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?  
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole-survives,  
 Immortal, never-failing friend of Man, 1040  
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!  
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
 Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears  
 The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,  
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045  
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,  
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*  
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,  
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share  
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
 In starving solitude; while luxury,  
 In palaces lay straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,  
 And

And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060  
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more :  
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A HYMN.

## A

## H Y M N.

**T**HESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER,  
 these,  
 Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year  
 Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.  
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5  
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun  
 Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10  
 And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
 THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15  
 In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms  
 Around

Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what forced divine,  
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25  
And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

NATURE, attend! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40  
Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes:  
Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms!

S

Where,



Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45  
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
And let me catch it as I muse along.  
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound; 50  
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
Sound His stupendous praise; whose greater voice  
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall. 55  
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers  
In mingled clouds to HIM; whose sun exalts,  
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM;  
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60  
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65  
Great source of day! best image here below  
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,  
From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
On Nature write with every beam His praise.  
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world; 70  
While

While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,  
 Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns,  
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75  
 Ye woodlands, all awake: a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.  
 Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles, 81  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove; 90  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.  
 For me; when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray 95  
 Rustles the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!-

SHOULD

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, 101  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles ; 'tis nought to me :  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105  
 In the void waste as in the city full ;  
 And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110  
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;  
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,  
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !  
 Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

THE END.

